

SPORTING NEWS SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE EVENING WORLD.

RUHLIN STICKS OUT HIS DANGEROUS RIGHT.

CARTER LOST BY A NOSE IN FAST BOUT WITH RUHLIN.

I THOUGHT I HAD HIM, SAYS RUHLIN.

BY GUS RUHLIN.

Carter is a dangerous man. He managed to keep out of my way during the early rounds. I caught up with him, however, and in the fifth I thought I had him. If the fight had gone a round or two more I would have put him out to a certainty, and had the referee been allowed to give a decision on the six rounds fought he could not have helped giving it to me.

NEW PIRATE PLAYERS.

Now that Joe Marshall and Pitcher Pfister have signed contracts with the Pittsburgh club, a little speculation may not be amiss. Both are good players. Marshall is a natural batter, but only of the slugger order. Pfister is a good southpaw, but on the coast has never shown Pittsburgh class. With the splendid team now working for Barney Dreyfuss the newcomers will have a chance to learn a lot about baseball, but the prospects are they will not get much chance to show their worth this fall.

Brooklyn Slugger Had Better of Going Except in Fifth Round When Akron Giant Cut Loose and Put Him Down.

BY KNOCKOUT.

(Special to The Evening World.)

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3.—Quakerstown's pugilistic humdrum of tea parties suddenly flashed into the limelight of Pistana last night with six bloody, terrific sessions of heavy artillery warfare that made the storming of the gates of Pekin look like a bargain-counter rush on Willie Counter Jumper's ribbon domains at a New York department store.

Gus Ruhlin, ponderous, massive, huge-muscle Swede, lumbering across the sixteen feet of refined canvas battlefield of the Washington Sporting Club, swapped a battering-ram collection of swift and sudden death with that clean-limbed marvel of Sir Knuckledusters, Eddie ("Kid") Carter, gentleman of the P U G fraternity of Brooklyn.

"On form" handicapped a bad second, owing to a trifling little weight discrepancy of some forty or fifty pounds of bone and muscle, the Trolleyville prodigy set a pace from the first brazen clang of the gong that carried Mr. Gus off his feet, tipped him to the head of the stretch and only let him get up in time to be beaten out a nose in a driving finish.

And All Was Decisionless.

"Decisionless" Philadelphia forbidding the picking of a winner, Mr. Referee—one Rocap—bowed his way, lockjawed from out the clearing smoke of the carnage-spotted battlefield.

Delving into his thinking apparatus to pick a winner, it's dollars to doughnuts he would take up with himself to see if the double-dought of a dead heat or the nuptial tacked next the handle of the blond-haired Brooklynite should be run up.

Ruhlin's six feet two of brawn and muscle, towering head and shoulders above Carter's tow-topped six-piece, the Knight of the Yips from the city of Churches as an object of pity—entering the ring. He left it through a lane of cheering, fazy, bloodthirsty savages.

Lost Gong Found Ruhlin Relieved.

He had carried his handicap into the camp of the Ruhlinites with a wickedness that brooked no obstacles and came forth with a bit of Uncle Sam's flag that circled his waist flapping joyously in the breeze of victory.

Dealing through crashing rights that swept the ring like a blast of heavy artillery, tearing past long stabbing lefts that carried death and destruction in every muscle charging the fortifications of his massive adversary every moment of the battle with undiminished courage, Carter was the incarnation of bloodthirsty viciousness and a glint of relief shot to Ruhlin's eye as the gong slipped the sixth and last session into the turned-over pages of warfare.

Crowd Didn't Turn Out.

The low ceilinged, disjunct-like arena of the Washington Sporting Club showed bare in spots when the call to battle came. Followers of Dame Eliadama loved a good fight, but a slaughter they dodge. Nineteen ten counted last night, and the crowd was a good proof of a Spanish bull pit.

So they went to the ping pong tournament.

Therefore the quantity of shekels in the box office hardly warranted the semi-slaughter aspect of the fray. But Messrs. Gus and Edward fought their fight and battered and hammered each other with an abandon that wotted not of box office or gate receipts or any other old thing other than a mutual annihilation society.

Before the Slaughter.

Climbing into the arena 'mid the cheers of their partisans, of whom Carter seemed to have the major portion, they pulled on their wadded tunics, the same being the result of the shuffling of their feet into the resin and smoothed their greetings at Jack Munroe, which same worthy was introduced from the canvas.

"Kid" McCoy, automobile to the ring side from the wave-lapped shores of Boardwalk Tuna, Atlantic City, handled the guns behind the great fortifications of the Ruhlin fortifications.

Off to Good Start.

"Crocker Boy" came out a victory disturbed in the atmosphere 'tween rounds in the Ruhlin camp with a couple of towels. "Mississippi," a bunch of knuckle-pushing darkness; "Kid" Howard and a couple of rag welders fanned the blond youth. Rocap's getaway advice, the gong, and they were off to a swinging start.

Carter in the lead by a nose; right flush on the too, Gus smiled, but it was the bull. It didn't go. And then he started for Brooklyn's pride, and for the rag end of that three minutes there were certainly decidedly equally times, with Carter being tangled up in the business end of the square.

"There's nothing to it, Ruhlin's too big," was the verdict of the rail birds. And it looked that way.

But Carter Got Away.

But out of it all came Edward smiling, debonair, smiling in his corner he planned a charge, and with the dying echoes of the gong he made it. Bang!

He shot from his corner like a thunderbolt working overtime. There was a flying melee of plunging fists, and out of it backed a blond-haired youngster, still smiling.

Bright red gushed in a stream down Ruhlin's face, a two-inch streaking right on the eye marked the wound. It was first blood for the "Kid," right on the eye marked the wound.

The ranky, hairy, old man with the battle-cries of the Carters, But their joy was short-lived.

The Jab Went Through. Another charge and Carter was snuffing Andy's blood as the blood streamer streaked his heaving chest with lines of crimson.

But Mr. Ruhlin had been leavely out. The dreamland wallow to the jaw was the sole aim of these two worthies, and they swung for it often enough, and away a dozen champions, or ex-champions, or would-be champions, still seeking for it the gong sounded.

Two more three-minute slaughterhouse matings, the second and third, and two more rounds for the Carter one.

CARTER THINKS HE CAN BEAT RUHLIN.

BY "KID" CARTER.

Despite the big difference in weight I think I can whip Ruhlin at any time inside of twenty rounds. I had him going several times in the short fight and could have gone on indefinitely. I was perfectly fresh at the finish, while he was blowing hard. I did all of the work and would have got the decision surely if the law had allowed the referee to say what he thought.

CORBETT WORKING HIS WAY EAST

DETROIT, Sept. 3.—Jim Corbett is due here to-day from St. Louis to begin a vaudeville engagement. From here Corbett will go to Chicago and appear for a week at the Masonic Roof Garden.

Corbett says he is in fine shape, and he looks it. He says he's through with the fighting game. "Jeffries! Oh, he's a wonder, is the way the ex-champion puts it."

Corbett says he will be in New York within two weeks.

"KID" GRIFFO BEAT BELFIELD WALCOTT

(Special to The Evening World.)

BROCKTON, Mass., Sept. 3.—Local followers of the pugilistic game saw a good fight here last night. "Kid" Griffio, of New York, and Belfield Walcott, of Boston, were the principals. The New Yorker had the upper hand from the start and never lost his advantage. Walcott put up a good defense, but Griffio was too good for him and won all the way.

INVADERS PLAY A CLOSE GAME

Deering Puzzles the Bostons in Game "on the Hill" and New Yorkers Fail to Solve Dineen's Curves.

BATTING ORDER.

New York. Conroy 3b, Deering p, Doherty 1f, Gansel 1b, Freeman rf, Williams 2b, Davis lf, Ferris 2c, Beville c, Deering p.

Umpire—Mr. Connelly. (Special to The Evening World.) AMERICAN LEAGUE PARK, NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—When Clark Griffith's Invaders and Jimmy Collins' fast collection of ball-players from Boston came on the field this afternoon to engage in their third and final game of the series they were confronted with the sort of weather which was more suitable to football. Dark, rain-laden clouds hovered low, and it looked as if they would open up at any moment.

Then there was a stiff breeze blowing in from the direction of the Hudson River which made it very uncomfortable. The players wore sweaters so as to keep them from catching cold in their "safety wings." This was the last time this season the teams are to play in this city.

Griffith was in a quandary who he would put in to do the twirling. He decided on Deering, then he picked himself to do the trick, but after all of his twirlers had done their little stunt of warming up he finally called on Deering again. Dineen, who called on to do the twirling for the visitors.

The Invaders and the Athletics will engage in a double-header to-morrow, the first game beginning at 2 P. M.

First Inning. Dougherty lifted the ball to Elberfeld, pultz gathered in O'Brien's little fly. Pultz also got Chick Stahl's fly. No runs.

Conroy was called out on strikes. Keeler sent a grounder to Parent and was retired. Gansel sent up a high one to Ferris. No runs.

Second Inning. Freeman fled out to Elberfeld. Parent hit safely along the wall base line and went to second on La Chance's free pass to first. Ferris sent a grounder to Elberfeld, who stepped on second, seeing La Chance, and then by a quick throw to Gansel succeeded in doubling up Ferris. No runs.

Elberfeld was disposed of on his lounder by O'Brien and Lachance. Williams was fouled by Dineen's curves. Dougherty made a pretty running catch of Davis's foul fly. No runs.

Third Inning. Conroy and Gansel took care of O'Brien's grounder. Dineen's ball fly was neatly caught by Deering. Dougherty laced a fast grounder to Williams and perished at first. No runs.

Fultz fanned. Beville was thrown out at first by Ferris. Deering struck out. No runs.

Fourth Inning. O'Brien walked, but was forced at second on Stahl's punt to Deering. Freeman was retired by Gansel and Deering. Parent sent a fly to Fultz. No runs.

Ferris made a great running catch of Conroy's fly. Keeler was fielded out at first by O'Brien. Gansel lifted a sky-scraper which Freeman grabbed. No runs.

Fifth Inning. Lachance drove a low fly to Keeler. Ferris went out. Elberfeld to Gansel. Chiger was thrown out at first by Elberfeld. O'Brien's soarer went to Freeman. Williams fanned. Dineen was fielded out at first by La Chance. No runs.

Sixth Inning. Davis got a put-out on Dineen's sky-scraper. Dougherty was out. Elberfeld to Gansel. O'Brien sent his team to the field with a bouncer to Williams. No runs.

Second to first was the way Fultz was

retired. Beville was fielded at first by Parent. Deering was called out on strikes. No runs.

Seventh Inning. Stahl struck out. Freeman also fanned. Parent fled to Fultz. No runs.

Washington-Philadelphia (A. L.) Game Postponed.

(Special to The Evening World.) PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3.—Rain prevented the game scheduled for to-day between the Boston Philadelphia National League teams resulted in a victory for Boston by the following score:

Boston 10, Philadelphia 0.

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AMATEURS TURNED "PROS" FOR A DAY

John Stoll, Chairman of the Registration Committee of the A. C. A., says several new West Side A. C. athletes are to be disqualified for competing as professionals under assumed names at the Scottish games, at Maspeth yesterday.

Among the West Side athletes the one most conspicuous, Stoll says, was William Smith. As Smith he finished third in the mile run to John McMillott, Philadelphia, and John Leavitt, of Boston. He thus won a money prize of \$5.

Cracks of the Militia from Several States Begin Big Two-Day Match.

SEA GIRT, N. J., Sept. 3.—The twelve most expert riflemen that the National Guards of Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Georgia, and Ohio, and the District of Columbia, the U. S. Navy Marine Corps, and the cavalry and infantry branches of the U. S. Army have been able to produce, competed here to-day in a great team military rifle match, which will not be concluded until late to-morrow.

It is the national trophy for a trophy and cash prizes provided by act of Congress. The distances are 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, ten shots by each competitor at each range.

The United States service rifles and carbines and the service cartridges manufactured and issued by the War Department are being used. The firing to-day was the 200, 500 and 600 yard ranges, while to-morrow the 800, 900 and 1,000 yard ranges will be covered.

The conditions for the match were framed by the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, appointed by the Secretary of War.

Officers of the army and National Guardsmen of prominence are among the spectators closely following the progress of the competition. All other target work has been suspended for the match.

Although the day opened cloudy and damp, the conditions for firing were entirely satisfactory.

The firing at the 200 yards stage of the National trophy was, for the most part, in a driving rain. New Jersey led at this stage with a team total of 610 out of a possible 600.

The Hoboken team, which gave the Jersey City nine such a hard tussle last Sunday, will play the Bridgeport team at the St. George cricket grounds on Saturday. The Bridgeports have secured three new players and feel certain they will beat the Jerseymen.

FRANK KRAMER IS NOW THE CHAMPION CYCLIST FOR THE SEASON OF 1903, HAVING WON THE TITLE FROM IVO LAWSON. Kramer won with a score of 62 points to his opponent's 50, taking the lead by winning a 10-mile race in a sensational finish.

SIR DIXON FILLY BRINGS \$2,100. Woodford Clay paid \$2,100 for a yearling filly by Sir Dixon-La Colonia at the Sheephead Bay sale, this being one of the three yearlings to fetch \$1,000 or better. L. V. Bell paid \$1,000 for a son of Imp. Ebor—the Jewess.

At S. J. Smith got a colt by Flamingo—Maid of Albion for \$1,000.

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CARTER READY TO PLANT HIS LEFT.



MAY BE A BIG UMPIRE FAMINE

The Post-Season Games Will Seriously Tax the Supply of Men Competent to Call Balls and Strikes in Big Contests.

There may be an umpire famine at the end of the championship season in the National and American leagues. In all games in which National and American League clubs are to clash, a double umpire system is demanded, one umpire from each league. With two umpires to a game there are not enough umpires to go around, inasmuch as Johnstone and Sheridan are sought by several different clubs for the same dates.

If Johnstone is unable to umpire in the Ohio championship series, it is Manager Bancroft's intention to secure O'Day. The umpires will be paid at the rate of \$300 a month for the special games.

BASEBALL IN ST. LOUIS. Stanley Robinson says he does not know how the baseball teams are going to be looked after next year in St. Louis. Several times this summer there have been attempts made to arrange for a private building that can be used by all the clubs that come to the world's-fair city during the summer.

Robinson is trying to arrange a game with the Cleveland team for the Cardinals. Said he: "My brother and I used to own the old Cleveland team. I think we will draw well down there now."

Baseball, Polo Grounds, to-day, 4 P. M., Brooklyn vs. New York. Adm. 50c.

SSS FOR THE BLOOD

The best known and most popular blood purifier and tonic on the market to-day is S. S. S. "There is hardly a man, woman or child in America who has not heard of 'S. S. S. for the Blood.'" It is a standard remedy, a specific for all blood troubles and unequalled as a general tonic and appetizer. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, the herbs and roots of which it is composed are selected for their alternative and tonic properties, making it the ideal remedy for all blood and skin diseases, and their enfeebling effects, as it not only purifies, enriches and invigorates the blood, but at the same time tones up the tired nerves and gives strength and vigor to the entire system.

For Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Blood Poison, Malaria, Anemia, Scrofula, Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Acne and such other diseases as are due to a polluted or impoverished condition of the blood, nothing acts so promptly and effectually as S. S. S. It cleanses the blood, and eradicates the germs and poisons; cleanses the system of all unhealthy accumulations and soon restores the patient to health. Write us if you desire medical advice and our physicians will give your case prompt attention without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

FROM CONGRESSMAN LIVINGSTON, OF GEORGIA. I know of the successful use of S. S. S. in many cases. It is the best blood remedy on the market.

FROM EX-GOV. ALLEN D. Candler. S. S. S. is unquestionably a good blood purifier, and the best tonic I ever used.

Men, Come to Me! I want every man that is suffering from Varicose, Stricture, Acute and Chronic Ulcers, Blood Poisoning, Hydrocele, or any Swellings, Catarrhal Discharges, Rheumatism in all its forms, Lost Vigor and Vitality, Bladder and Kidney Conditions, Eczema, Pimples, Erysipelas, or any Eruptive Conditions of the Skin, or any Associate Diseases of Men, to come and have a social examination, together with an honest and scientific opinion of your case. Suffer no longer. Consult me at once. Write if you can't call. Hours, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Daily. Sundays 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Consultation and Advice Free.

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